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Non-Fiction (615 Words)

Lioness

It was 2:12 AM on a Wednesday and I was finally about to hit the pillow when my super small Nokia cellphone started a hat dance on the director's chair thing next to the bed. Spam was uncommon at the time (for me, anyway) so I wondered if I was about to deal with a personal tragedy or something. I grabbed the little phone and took a look.

Well, now: text from a female movie star, a friend of mine in town that night and tomorrow. She was scheduled to premiere one of her new flicks later today, handled by a major local property. I knew the situation, of course, and was well informed about the *other* big stars, male and female, who'd appear for the afternoon screening and Q&A.

I'd been asked to attend with her, a day before...so getting her text at 2:12 AM disturbed me. Til I read it, of course. Her words, "Can you come by right now?" That was it. Hm. I responded, "Well, I'm about 10 seconds from bed." She typed back, "Want to come by?"

Wow.

She and I were friends for a while, not lovers or anything, just really good pals, often at pubs and art shows and restaurants. We talked about...interesting events, sometimes at Chateau Marmont even, in the booth next to the bar (so we could keep the vanilla vodka tank in sight).

Listen, let's just get to the core: you *know* why she was unexpectedly asking via text that I come by at 2 AM. I'd suspected for a while she was interested in something way more involved from my side, but I was hesitant. Obviously I was dumb to decline an intimate relationship with a phenomenally talented, super beautiful, globally desired woman who really really liked me.

But I did.

Yes, she was amazing, and I definitely dug being with her in LA. We had such cool and strangely deep conversations. But for whatever reason I didn't feel anything "romantic". Damn.

My reply text kept me from heading to the suite the studio gave her, 40 floors in the air. Her response? "Okay." Away I went to bed. Solo. Like a fool, but it seemed the right thing to do.

The next day I went to her film premiere and we had a pretty splendid time. As did the rest of the fancy cast. After the screening and audience discussion, we all wound up in some kind of botany foyer, and I could tell she'd finally come to a closing decision. About *me*. Her energy and expressions had started a fade kingdom my direction, spinning lower and lower...

She started taking pictures of the rest of the cast sitting around...but avoided snapping my image, purposely. Uh oh. We said goodbye shortly after, and it was very very flat. I knew the end was here, and with that our association changed.

On the one hand, I was correct to *not* falsely return her stronger affections, even though it was a lousy place to put myself...and her, too. And I learned yet another lesson about rejecting a Leo woman (I'm a Leo myself): if you'd like to become quietly gutted by a Lioness, you're welcome to go ahead and make one angry.

In the times after, we stayed sorta remotely in touch. But it all fizzled out.

She went on to keep winning a few major acting awards and later found a great guy. Happy for her. Really. I still think very highly of her, for sure. She had excellent intelligence and a deep understanding of many subjects. Plus, she was everything positive a Hollywood star could be.

C'est la vie.

And there it is.

End.